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Soprano and Tenor, is clever and quaint in its construction, and contains a very sweet but superficial tenor solo. The bass buffo duet is a very weak affair—a sort of washed-out Italian re-hash, but the aria for Soprano which follows is an effective and dramatic composition, to which Miss Richings did full credit (excepting a harsh and inharmonious cadenza and three dreadful shakes), and won a hearty encore. The finale is the most effective ensemble piece in the opera, and the movement commencing, "By this marriage I gain," is really excellent.

The performance, vocally, was in some respects very good. Mr. Castle sang with great dash and spirit throughout. He is winning his way upward very fast. Mr. Campbell also sang gracefully, and smoothly. We hope to see him throw more animation into his manner, in subsequent performances. Mr. Seguin was good throughout, and Messrs. Wylie and Penke were painstaking and acceptable.

Miss Caroline Richings sang her music generally with spirit and effect, and threw great dramatic energy into both singing and acting. We should, however, advise her to omit the scherzo in the first scene. It is one tissue of roulades and passages of velocity, none of which did Miss Richings accomplish. Her execution was irredeemably bad, her intervals and her intonation were both false, her shakes had no definite pitch, and in fact, the whole movement was very badly sung indeed. For her reputation's sake we advise her to omit this scherzo. Miss Zelda Harrison sang pleasingly. She is improving in stage ease and manner. The orchestra was very thin and lacked in delicacy and refinement and color. Its performance did but little credit to the judgment or skill of the leader.

"The Rose of Castile" is put upon the stage in the most inexpensive manner. The grand Court Festival at the French Theatre consists of six ladies standing bolt upright against a wall, while another dances fantastically with her back toward them. Elvira had been invited to stay and witness the Festival, but she very wisely refused. Her taste was unimpeachable. This was the old style of bringing out English opera, which brought upon every enterprise of the class a well-merited contempt. If the present management has not facilities for giving operas with the necessary scenic effect, it should choose such operas as can be produced in a proper manner; otherwise the end is not doubtful. We desire to encourage the enterprise, but we must insist, for the sake of the cause, upon proper attention being paid to every department. The public will patronize efforts in the right direction, but it will not recognize such productions as that on Wednesday evening.

#### GEORGE STECK & CO.'S NEW PIANO ROOMS.

The firm of Steck & Co. have removed from the old store in Walker street, to spacious and beautiful warerooms, No. 141 Eighth street, two or three doors east of Broadway. The main room is an elegant hall of considerable

dimensions, the walls and ceilings elegantly frescoed and lighted by cluster lamps around the column. It is one of the most beautiful and commodious piano warerooms in the city; its acoustic properties are excellent, and it is in every way admirably calculated to display the instruments to the best advantage, both as regards quality of tone and appearance. The change of location, affording as it does such increased and elegant advantages, cannot but give a great impulse to their rapidly increasing business.

Messrs. Steck & Co. issued invitations to a select number of the press, the profession, and prominent individuals, for a private view of their new Piano Hall, on Saturday evening last. The meeting was a very pleasant gathering of talent and intelligence, for an occasion interesting to all, and the harmony desired was found and remained undisturbed. The celebrated pianists attached to the various piano establishments had very particular engagements that evening, which interfered with their promise to be present, so they did not appear; therefore the reputation of their employers was not endangered. But the very fine instruments of Steck & Co. did not go undeveloped. Mr. Joseph Poznanski happening to be present, with the courtesy and kindness of a true artist and gentleman, stepped into the breach, and played many pieces with brilliance, power, and with exquisitely refined taste. His repertoire is extensive, and it was pleasant to hear something good, but out of the stereotyped show solos so much in vogue. His performances were received with much enthusiasm, and elicited significant remarks from certain parties who, from the first appearance of Poznanski in New York, had systematically and grossly abused him, denying him every requisite as a pianist, to the effect that "he played splendidly," and that "it was the first time that said party had heard him play!" Oh, the reliability of New York criticism! Oh, the Spartan integrity of the New York press!

Steck & Co. make very fine pianos; their squares are admirable instruments, and their grand pianos surprised and delighted us. They are first class instruments in every respect; they have the grand tone, in quality, sonorous, rich, brilliant and sympathetic, and their touch is light, elastic and powerful. Such instruments as these stamp the makers as first class.

During the evening the guests partook of a very elegant and bountiful supper, and many speeches were made, which would for many reasons be worth transcribing, but no shorthand writer being present, the golden words of truth and wisdom then uttered have, we fear, passed away forever. After supper a brief requiem was sung over a departed member, and the musical exercises were renewed, in which besides Mr. Poznanski, Mr. Theodore Thomas, Mr. Bergner and Mr. Stein took prominent and efficient part, and a very pleasant evening closed, with many cordial good wishes for the deserved prosperity of the firm of Steck & Company.

#### A FLATTERING TESTIMONIAL TO THE ARTISTS, I. B. & JOSEPH POZNANSKI.

MAYORALTY OF CHARLESTON,  
CITY HALL, June 9, 1866.

MESSRS. I. B. & JOSEPH POZNANSKI, New York:

GENTLEMEN: The following resolutions were adopted by City Council, at their regular meeting on the 10th of April, to wit:

Whereas, Messrs. I. B. and J. Poznanski, influenced by that affection for their native city, which has ever characterized the people of Charleston, have made a donation to be used for the benefit of the poor of the City, therefore, be it

Resolved, 1st. That the thanks of this Council are due to the Messrs. Poznanski for this manifestation of their public spirit.

Resolved, 2d. That the City Council of Charleston recognize with pride and pleasure the musical genius of these distinguished gentlemen, and appreciate their charitable purposes.

Resolved, 3d. That his Honor, the Mayor, be requested to procure and present to Messrs. I. B. and J. Poznanski, in the name of the city, some suitable token of the distinguished consideration in which they are justly held by their fellow-citizens.

In pursuance of the above resolutions it is my agreeable duty to send you the accompanying goblets.

While of themselves of little intrinsic value, they will ever be a memento of the acknowledgment and appreciation by the citizens of your native town, of your noble charity.

In conclusion, allow me to express my personal well wishes for your future success and prosperity.

I am gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

P. O. GAILLARD, Mayor.

Last week these cups, the graceful testimonials from the City of Charleston, to the artists Poznanski, were duly received by these gentlemen. They are simple but massive, and bear the following flattering inscription:—

"Presented by the City Council of Charleston, to — Poznanski, April, 1866, in congratulation on his return to his native city, and in testimony of their appreciation of his brother and himself, in devoting their Concerts to alleviate the wants of their fellow-citizens."

This flattering public testimonial was nobly earned, for there are few artists who would exhibit the unselfish generosity to travel hence to Charleston, S. C., take a company, pay all the expenses, and give the whole receipts of two concerts to charitable purposes. Yet the Poznanskis did all this, realizing a large sum for the poor, and gave no other concert there, which they might have done, on the prestige of their charity. Such acts as these do honor to the man, as well as the artist.

THEODORE THOMAS' GARDEN CONCERTS.—The experiment just made by Mr. Theodore Thomas of a nightly instrumental concert at Terrace Garden, which was generally thought so doubtful, has proved not merely a success, but a triumphant success. The pleasant garden has not only been crowded with visitors, but visitors of the best classes of society. It is a resort to which ladies desire to be taken, for the enjoyment is simple and satisfying—fresh air, green trees, pleasant society, beautiful music finely played, ice creams, sherbet, or anything else that the taste may suggest and the palate relish, are the advantages which

the concerts and the cuisine of Terrace Garden afford.

We have no hesitation in recommending our readers to visit this garden. Let them go frequently and they will find it the pleasantest place for family enjoyment that has ever been established in this city. The concerts take place every night, and on Saturday an additional one at three o'clock in the afternoon.

ORGAN CONCERT IN BOSTON.—Mr. James Pearce, Mus: B. Oxon., (of Philadelphia), who sails to-day for a European tour, gave two organ concerts at the Music Hall, Boston, on the 16th and 17th, with great success. The programmes, which we copy, are remarkably beautiful:

June 16th.—Prelude and Fugue in E minor, J. S. Bach; Adagio (from "Lieder Ohne Worte"), Mendelssohn; Sonata, No. 3, Mendelssohn; a. Aria, b. Chorus, from the "Creation," Haydn; Andante (varied), Beethoven; Fugue in G minor, J. S. Bach.

June 17th.—Prelude and Fugue in E flat, J. S. Bach; a. Chorale, b. Aria, from "Eljah," Mendelssohn; Sonata, No. 6, Mendelssohn; Motet, "I wrestle and pray," J. S. Bach; Andante (curtailed), Beethoven; Coronation Anthem, Handel.

Mr. James Pearce is not only a thorough and excellent musician, but an organist of first class ability. He studied in England in the severest school and carried off the honors at Oxford, after a test which demanded from him not only a thorough knowledge of ecclesiastical writing, fugue and counterpoint, but of voicing and orchestral writing. His programmes give evidence of his schooling, and his performance proved him to be perfect master of that king of instruments, the organ. He has a perfect control of all its resources, and his execution both with the manuals and the pedals, is unsurpassed by any of the many admirable exponents of the organ, that we have in this country.

Mr. James Pearce is at present unknown to New York, save by reputation, but on his return from abroad, it is his purpose to give some organ concerts in this city, when we shall have the opportunity of fully comparing him with others.

MUSICIANS AND MANAGERS.—A sharp and lengthy correspondence has recently occurred, between the Managers' Association here and the Musicians' Protective Association, respecting those disputes which have prevailed between those unions. It commenced—as published—with invitation from the Musicians to review past action in order to arrange matters on a mutually agreeable basis for the coming season.

The proposed adjustment failed of practical effect, because the Managers refused to recognize control over their engagements by the Protective Union, and Mr. Wheatley's final answer expressed such determined purpose not to yield by the Managers, that no prospect of settlement now remains, unless the Musicians' Union recede from that demanded control.

MR. STEPHEN MASSETT'S FAREWELL MATINEE.—Dodworth Hall was crowded on this occasion by a most fashionable and intelligent audience. Mr. Massett (Jeans Pipes of Pipeville) has so many friends and admirers that a crowded audience was the natural result of the announcement of his farewell performance. Mr. Massett was cordially greeted on his appearance, and received during the evening frequent and enthusiastic proofs of the admiration felt for his fine abilities. His programme was of the most varied character, embracing prose and poetical selections from the best authors, interspersed with ballads and imitations of persons and characters. Mr. Massett's ballad-singing is too well known to need any comment, further than to say that his splendid voice was in fine order, and rang out sonorous through the hall. Of his prose recitations, the "Death of Poor Joe," from Bleak House, was by far the most effective. It was given with a simple pathos which was touching in the extreme, and moved many to tears. Among the poems, the most noticeable were, "Learning to Walk," a little gem by George Cooper, the well known "Beautiful Snow," by J. W. Watson, and the powerfully dramatic poem, "The Vagabond," by J. T. Trowbridge. During the delivery of this poem, which is one of Mr. Massett's best efforts, a lady who seemed absorbed by the earnestness of the speaker while addressing his dog, rose up to get a sight of that illused faithful animal, and not seeing it there, became conscious and sat down blushing. But the poem which made the greatest sensation, was an unpublished one by Henry C. Watson, "So my lady rides in her carriage." The poem is of marked power, the incident is striking, and the pathos intense, and Mr. Massett's rendering of it was so dramatic, and at the same time so full of passion and pathetic expression, that it created a profound sensation, and was only not encored because Mr. Massett's fatigue forbade it.

The humorous portion of the entertainment was keenly relished by the audience, and was greeted by roars of laughter and hearty applause. Mr. Massett may congratulate himself upon having made a complete success.

#### DRAMATIC REVIEW.

Mr. Dan. Bryant inaugurated a successful Summer Season at Wallack's on Monday evening of last week, opening in "Born to Good Luck" and "Handy Andy." The house was crowded and warm, and the audience were enthusiastic. Mr. Bryant has vastly improved since last summer; there is less of the amateur about his acting, and his performances show evident signs of close and careful study; at present he is perhaps the best exponent of the peculiar phase of Irish character which he represents. The Hibernian drama is at all times a disagreeable subject with me, but it must be confessed that Mr. Bryant invests it with an interest that makes it almost interesting. Mr. Bryant is supported by a good company, among whom is Miss Rosa Cook, (who made her debut at Lucy Rushton's Theatre some short time back), a young lady with a very sweet voice and a most piquant manner; with careful study this young lady can place herself at the head of our soubrette actresses; her voice is delicious, and some of her songs would do credit to more pretentious singers—all she wants is a little more force in her acting, and this I doubt not in time she will attain.

Come we now to the Winter Garden, where Mr. John Brougham is still delighting small but appre-

ciative audiences with his genial humor. During the last week the gentleman has appeared in "Flies in the Web" and "His Last Legs," in both of which amusing plays his acting is perfectly delicious. As O'Callaghan, in "His Last Legs," Mr. Brougham gives us one of the most perfect pictures of a gentlemanly Irishman that it would be possible to imagine, fully realizing all the characteristics of that most wonderful race of divinities which Lever is so fond of writing about.

The Broadway Theatre was closed last Saturday evening, the farewell performance being "Oliver Twist," in which Miss Helen Westera won considerable applause. The Theatre is to remain closed during the summer season, during which time the painters and upholsterers are to take possession of it for the purpose of painting, redecorating, &c., a course of proceeding highly commendable on the part of the establishment, for at present the Broadway Theatre presents a decidedly dismal and dingy appearance.

SHUGGE.

#### EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

May 20th.

Again in Paris, dear, delightful city of my heart! Four years ago, this lovely May morn, my eager eyes were first dazzled by Parisian splendor. A happy coincidence, that my second arrival should recur upon the same day of the same month—lily month—the month of Mary. It is pleasant to be here in this spring season, when "rosy May comes in wi' flowers." Riding down the Champs Elysées this morning, just as ruby-red Phoebus was kissing the blushing flowers, I was reminded of the half-forgotten lines of Tasso, picturing the Elysian fields of old renown. Sun-gleams and verdant leaves are here; sweet lilies too, peeping forth, and pinks, geraniums, and roses fully flowered. When a little below the Rond Point, I stood up in the barouche, and took a good look at the magnificent avenue. I have never seen aught more enjoyable. Broad and ascending, until it terminates at the Arc de Triomphe, that solemn pile of colossal grandeur. The picturesque hotels of the noblesse built in the style of the splendor-loving Louis Quinze, seem to recede from the glare of the dusty pleasure-course and half conceal themselves in the leafy recesses. I look towards the last, and there I see the pretty Russian church, all white and gold with its domes and spires glittering in the morning sun, resembling to my eyes a magnificent golden butterfly with out-spread wings. I turn southward my enraptured gaze adown the charming Elysée, past the Palais de l'Industrie, past the Hotel des Invalides with its green velvet esplanade, sweeping on past the Place de la Concorde to the imperial garden, the enchanting Jardin des Tuileries—the garden of gardens for beauty. What a buena vista! How radiant and dream-like the view!—surpassing in loveliness all else. Through those green arcades, those old ancestral trees stretch out their gigantic arms, drooping with their shining foliage to entertain and form an emerald canopy. Through the gloom of the wood gleam out the shining sculptured forms of ancient heroes and mythological divinities. A pretty lakelet, too, there is; and lo! amid orange trees and myrtle sweet, a palace coronated with morning red arises.

As I turned from the Rue du Marché St. Honoré into the Rue St. Hyacinthe, the group of little hotels that nestle so closely together were not yet astir, the slumbers of Parisinia not being